

STUDENT REVIEW

BYU's UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE • OCTOBER 19, 1994



Student Review
Foundation for
Student Thought
P.O. Box 7092
Provo, UT 84602

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STUDENT REVIEW

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Provo, UT 84603
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Student Review is a
independent student
publication serving Utah
Valley and its university
communities. Because *SR*
aspires to be an open
forum, all submissions will
be considered for
publication.

Views expressed in *Student Review* are presumably those of the authors, and certainly do not necessarily reflect those of BYU, UVSC, *SR*, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Three of BYU Football's Towel Boys, Mötley Crüe, The Rainmaker, The Ghost of Arthur Schopenhauer, elpmur nikslits, E!—The Entertainment Network, The Frickin' Fuji Film Floppy Disk Manufacturers, or YOU

NOTE FROM AN ARTIST

We take ourselves way too seriously, don't we? I know I do. Hell, I must have spent a good hour stewing over a deep, character-affecting topic for this note until I sat back and thought clearly for a moment.

"What am I doing?" I asked myself. Here I am sitting in the frigid, cold *SR* office, burning incense, listening to The Replacements, and scooting around on the killer roller-chair that Eric donated. Why do I need depth?

I mean, so what if I'm a 22 year old penniless manual laborer with minimal talent and no future? I've still got a buff tan. Thoughts like this are dangerous. They mean I'm actually living, whether or not I'm producing anything of any tangible (or intangible for that matter) worth.

That's what life is, isn't it — thinking. If I can think, have the freedom to express my thoughts, and check out Buffalo Jeans ads every now and then, I think I can say life's worth all the erroneous manure we have to trudge through.

In this neck of the woods, *Student Review* is the best tool available to help with living life. It invokes thought. You can't help it. Even an acquaintance of mine who won't read *SR* because he signed the Honor Code and doesn't believe in subversity had to think about reading it to make his ruling. In causing him to think and consciously review his beliefs the *Review* has justified its existence.

I'm proud to serve the community as a member of *SR*'s staff. Thanks for all of your support, and if anyone wants to donate a space heater to the cause, call the office and leave a message for me.

Keep the Faith,
Preston Draper, recovering alcoholic

STAFF OF THE WEEK

We'd like to acknowledge the wondrous exploits of the art staff: Gabby and Preston. In fact, we like them so much, we've written them a poem...

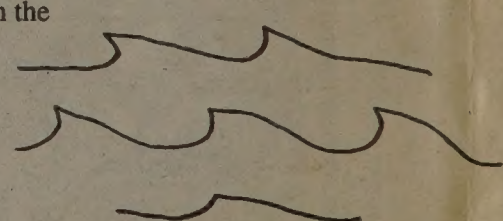
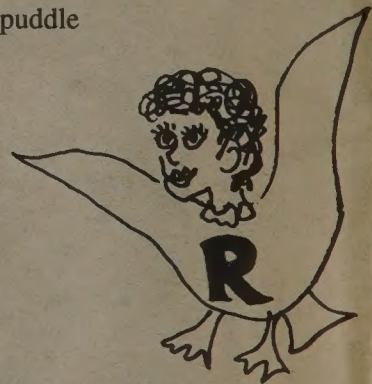
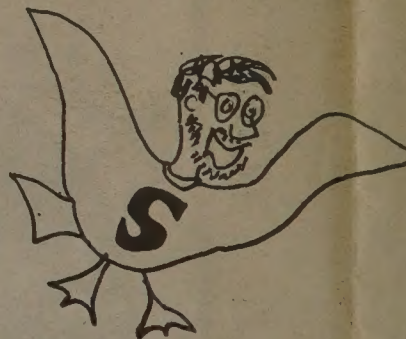
Swimming Seagulls

Diving, splashing go the
Swimming seagulls
Their white bodies and dark forms
Looking more like whipped cream
Topped chocolate bars
On an undulating ocean so blue
Maybe they are candies on a vast puddle
Of blue cream soda

I throw a rock just to see
And they explode into the sky
Not at all like candy I've seen

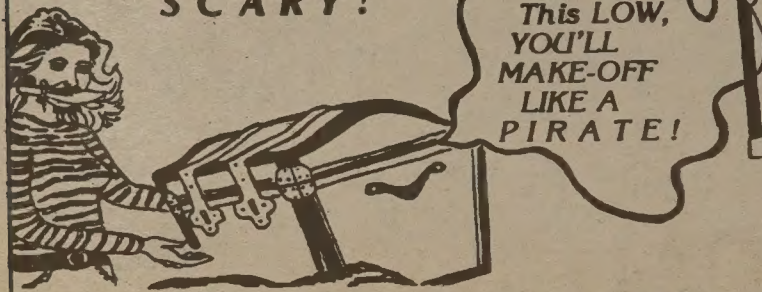
Against the blue sky
Again I cannot tell if these
Swimming seagulls
Diving, splashing through the
White clouds
Are not really candies
On the blue icing that is
Our Earth's frosting

Gabby and Preston, you just keep on being those swimming seagulls on the metaphor of life that is *Student Review*.



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POR UNA NOCHE
CUANDO ALQUILE UNO

Se vence 10/30/94

AFGHAN WHIGS: GENTLEMEN

AN ALBUM REVIEW BY E. BEECROFT

"What Jail is Like" is just one of the new songs on the Afghan Whigs' new album, "Gentlemen," and this album seems to be the lead singer Greg Dulli's own prison. This is not the first release from Cincinnati's Whigs, but it is definitely the strongest and the darkest. Consisting of four emotionally dark guys, the Afghan Whigs seem to be your typical rock band. However, that is a misconception which is easily shattered with one listen.

Containing eleven songs, "Gentlemen" is a very complete album. It is full of despair, hatred, and pain. This is not your typical love's lost moping, however. Dulli pens lyrics with a vengeance that more than hints at his own misanthropy. Some of the songs are soft, relatively mellow numbers. Some of them rock loud, hard and fast. The darkness pervades all. For example, the song "Debonair" ends with the lyrics "Tonight I go to Hell/for what I've done to you/This ain't about regret/It's when I tell the truth." The seventh track, "What Jail Is Like," has lines like "You think I'm scared of girls/Well maybe but I'm not afraid of you/You want to scare me/then you'll cling to me no matter what I do" and "If what you're shoveling is company/then I'd rather be alone/resentment always goes much further/than it was supposed to go." And "Debonair" begins with "Hear me now and don't forget/I'm not the man/my actions would suggest/A little boy, I'm tied to you/I fell apart/ That's what I always do."



This is not a cheery album, or a disc for the faint hearted. Some of the songs are blatant and almost graphic about the pain which can be involved with relationships. Unlike most pop singers who seem to bemoan or mourn their lost lover, the Whigs are just plain pissed off that they were treated (and treated in return) in such a harsh way. This is a good album to listen to after getting dumped, that's for sure.

This band has received moderate airplay with the release of this album, as well as decent rotation of the video for "Gentlemen." However, I feel that this album certainly deserves more publicity than it has received so far. Indeed, it deserves at least a listen by anyone interested in serious, angry rock music. The disc is put out by Elektra Entertainment and produced by a special arrangement with Sub Pop. Want More info? Write to: Whigs: P.O. Box 19477 Cincinnati, OH 45219 USA.

QUOTES

Paul Kantner, Guitarist for Jefferson Airplane, on Woodstock (the original):

"I remember flying on acid Saturday afternoon, sitting on the side of the stage next to this plate of Roquefort cheese. It was speaking to me."

Dexter Holland, singer for The Offspring, on success:

"There's a lot of hype going on...but we're just a knuckleheaded little punk band from down in Orange County...people are going to be looking at us to see if the way we conduct ourselves changes, and it won't."

Henry Rollins on a concert played by Black Flag in June, 1985:

"Some guy jumped onstage and kicked me in the head real hard with his boot. I grabbed him and punched him in the face. Don't hit the singer in the head because he will try to punch your lights out."

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TOP TWENTY

1. NyQuil
2. Umbrellas
3. "Pulp Fiction"
4. Money in a Forgotten Pocket
5. Fireplaces
6. "Test Postponed"
7. Dry Socks
8. Haunted Houses
9. BYU 21, Notre Dame 14
10. The Simpsons in Syndication
11. Fall Colors
12. Steamy Windows
13. Quentin Tarantino's "Welcome Back Kotter"
14. "A" Stickers
15. Kermit the Frog Clocks
16. Reuben Sandwiches
17. Faith, Hope and Charity
18. Pocket Heaters
19. Big Pell Grants
20. Big Paychecks

BOTTOM TEN

Flu Season, Mandatory Attendance, Rain...Rain...Rain, "Sorry, this is not a Macintosh disk," Walking to Campus, Midterms, Nothing but Ramen in the Cupboard, Local Commercials, Broken Windshield Wipers, Late Movie Releases in Provo

THE ART OF BEING DOMESTICALLY CHALLENGED

BY CHRISTIAN BRYNER

As I was eating dinner in the Morris Center during one of the first days of school, a group of sweet young women came and sat down next to me. I could tell they were freshmen because they couldn't make the chocolate milk dispenser work. Our conversation took the usual course: names were exchanged, hometowns were named, and fields of study were discussed. Little did I know the humiliation that would follow the next question—where did I live? I proudly replied that I lived off-campus, in an actual apartment. I expected a barrage of questions to follow: "So, are you a returned missionary? Where did you go? Do you have a TV? A car? Do you understand how to work the Gateway system in the library?" As I dreamed of driving these helpless girls to Food 4 Less in my blue car, recounting endless mission stories, I was returned to reality.

"You mean, you live off campus and eat in the Morris Center? Like, didn't you learn how to cook on your mission, or what?" Off to my left, a gang of freshman guys (they were talking about high school football in Idaho—that's how I could tell they were freshmen) began to snicker and mumble something about robbing cradles and scoring touchdowns. Really funny stuff. The rest of my meal passed in silence and I decided to forgo another helping of fruit salad.

Since that time, I have been much more discreet in revealing my ownership of a meal ticket as an off-campus student. Still, the reactions of those who do find out have amazed me. I have been accused of being lazy and just too chauvinistic to cook. Of course, the overriding accusation is that I am scoping out the

hordes of freshmen girls. Even the faculty members that dine there occasionally will give me a knowing nod as if to say, "A fine idea, young man, to seek out your eternal mate away from the competition of those other returned missionaries." I have also been ridiculed by guys who have taken beginning tennis classes three or four times just to see girls in shorts. What is wrong with trying to meet a nice girl in a tradition meal setting? (Well, kind of traditional.)

However, this is not the real reason I have a meal ticket. I think the food there is—how should I say it?—good. I'm being very serious. There are always a variety of meals offered, and you can take as many of those Keebler club crackers as you want. Just as important—and I don't know if I should say this—is that my mom is a really lousy cook. When company comes over, she puts an onion in the oven just to make the house smell good so the visitors will think she can cook. Anyway, when I tell people I like the food at the Morris Center, they simply don't believe me. Therefore, I have compiled a list of very believable reasons off-campus meal ticket holders can offer to those who would persecute them.

First of all, you can hear a lot of great stories about high school football. Second, my mom never would buy Captain Crunch. She thought I would choke on it. Also, the reverence exhibited by upperclassmen meal ticket holders creates a sober, edifying atmosphere where the Spirit can dwell. Finally, you eventually will meet someone from each of the dorm halls which will help you better remember the names of the major Brethren in Church history.

Whatever reason you use, if you are an off-campus meal ticket owner, you have nothing to be ashamed of. Remember, those that scoff at you probably ate in the cafeteria too at one time. Be proud that you have not abandoned this important part of your BYU heritage! And please, be especially eager to help those poor young freshmen girls who can't make the cereal dispensers work. Someday they will need a ride to Food-4-Less.



HERE'S LOOKING AT SOMEONE LIKE YOU

I've always accepted the fact that I have an evil twin, but I never knew I had a righteous one until Sunday. That's right, I've discovered my righteous twin. He lives in Provo and his name is, believe it or not, Matt.

The discovery took place in church last Sunday. Being the good Mormon boy that I am, I arrived a few minutes early, and scanned the program carefully just to be sure my roommates didn't accept a speaking assignment for me without telling me. Things like that sometimes happen in our home, so it's a good idea to be on the safe side. I saw a name similar to mine on the program and immediately began thinking of ways to quickly have my membership records transferred to, say, the Bahai Church.

For those of you looking for a really laid-back church to join, the Bahai Church is right up your alley. I ran across some literature of theirs recently and it was quite an interesting read. From what I gather, all you have to do to become a member of the Bahai Church is say, "I am a member of the Bahai Church." As a matter of fact, just by writing those words I may have just become a Bahai. If the leaflet I saw was correct, there's not even a standard set of beliefs in the church. Now don't get the wrong idea and think I'm putting down the Bahai Church crowd. I actually think it's pretty cool. Let's say that a member of the Bahai Church wants to go to BYU. What would the interview with the ecclesiastical leader be like? "So, do you believe whatever it is that you believe?" "Yes!" "Have fun at BYU!"

But back to my righteous twin story. The name on the program was not Matthew Workman, but Matthew Wright, so I decided that I would continue with my fellowship in the LDS Church. That's when I looked up on the stand and saw... ME! I checked my surroundings to make sure I was not in some sort of dream or perhaps an old episode of *The Twilight Zone*. But the full color scenery and absence of talking porcupines (they always find their way into my dreams) eliminated both of those options. I glanced up again to have another look at this dark-haired, skinny guy with a long face and somewhat floppy hair. Who was this guy? Where did he come from? Where is he going? I guess sooner or later everyone asks these questions, but I was asking them now.

Luckily, I had recently cut my hair, so there were noticeable differences between me and this "impostor Matt." My roommate offered to kill the other Matt in order to avoid confusion, but I didn't feel good about it. He seemed like a nice guy, and he gave a swell talk in church. I even contemplated taking over certain portions of his life. He spoke to several attractive females and I figured I could go up to them and say, "Hi, I heard that Matt is busy this weekend. I just want you to know that my name is also Matt, and I look very much like that other guy." I also thought that we could get similar hair cuts and trick our parents into getting back together after years apart, but then I realized that we don't have the same parents so getting them back together was really quite pointless.

While that's all good and fine, I actually have some very important tasks to accomplish with Matt. We need to go to Boise, Idaho, and destroy our evil twin. I learned about the evil twin about four years ago as I rode a bus heading up to Salt Lake City, and it has vexed me ever since. On that fateful trip an old woman handed me a note saying that I bore a striking resemblance to a man in Boise. He was married to a woman named Nat and was a member of the LDS Church but "has since found God." In the note, the woman asked me to sketch my family tree because she was sure we were related in some way. I did

"WASTED CHARACTERS" CONT. PAGE 10

WASTED CHARACTERS

CAPTAIN JACK'S FREE-SPIRITED HOROSCOPE FOR THE ENTIRE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN THAT IS NAFTA

Aries (March 21-April 20)

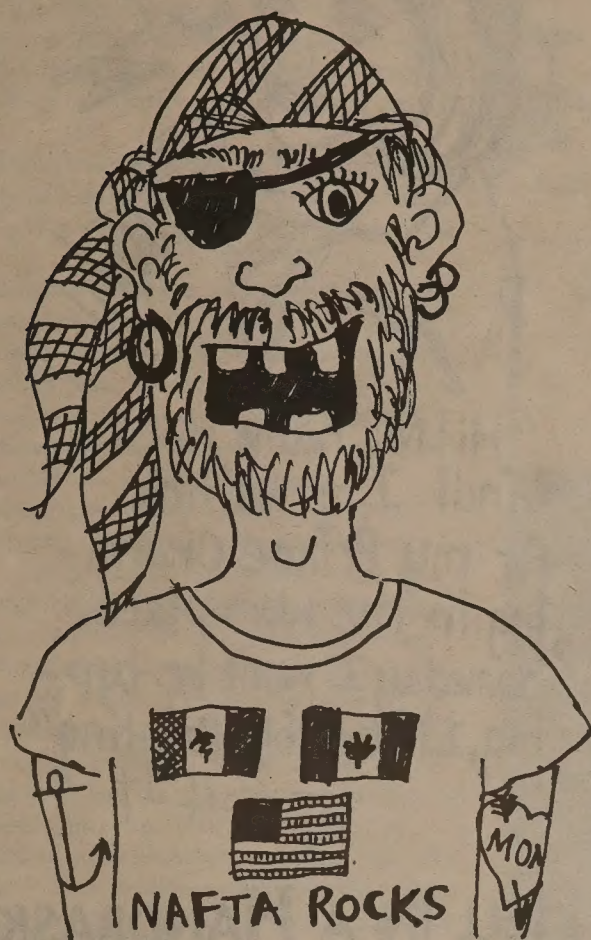
Months have gone by with no sign of the little beast and his talk of love, but a strange tilt in the rotation of Venus hints at imminent reunion. Yes, if you're a late-April Aries I would not hesitate to predict not only his return, but flowers as well, and more of his hissy little poetry: "The way you talk, it makes me shiver. And if you were dying I'd lend you my liver..." If you are a March Aries you will not be poeted at, but the rash is probably back and undoubtedly weeping. Smile. Remember, a kiss is just a kiss, and pass the KY Jelly.

Taurus (April 21-May 21)

Many elements of your life have come to a point of near perfection for you, and many goals are within reach. Unfortunately, all of that has been blown to bitter memories by the History of Civilization test scandal. You were framed all right, but by whom, and why? The strapping blonde from D&C, out of the frustrations of unrequited love? The shifty-eyed farm-boy TA, jealous of your mastery of polysyllabic speech and your ability to close your mouth when not speaking? Or maybe the professor and Mary Ann, fearful that you would obtain concrete proof of their indiscretion in the name of getting off the island. These are the questions that face you now, and the streets are cold and unforgiving, baby, so solve like the wind!

Gemini (May 22-June 21)

One little toe! One measly little toe you eat and suddenly you're some big criminal! Regardless of these inconvenient stereotypes, the heavens support you and your tastes. Here's a shocker: as the earth rotates this hemisphere to face the starry heavens, the sky will grow black. No kidding! This will provide a fabulous cover for your prowling. Fish, badgers, little wood-chucks...yummm. Gobble away, you cute



thing you, just keep them out of the fridge this time, and your troubles are over!

Cancer (June 22-July 23)

You have set out half-heartedly on your course of action, and now as Jupiter enters your gregarious zone you're feeling distracted and giddy—inexplicably friendly. Well run with it! Drop your plans and seize the day! We talk so much about love but we don't allow it to flow among us like the wildfire of cheer that it's meant to be! The community needs you to cheer it

up! Recognize those dozens of silent sufferers all around you who look to you for love, and love them like there's no tomorrow! There's no time to lose!

Leo (July 24-August 23)

Your ears are burning, and you know why. That's right, another hard-hitting *Daily Universe* article exposes your link to the BYUSA rafting trip, and the rigging of the ballots for the Battle of the Bands will be going to press just as Saturn comes to rest in Ursa Major. Well, no, I guess nobody really does read that rag anyway, you're right. Never mind. Forget it.

Virgo (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)

Sensitivity to the concerns of others is vital at this time more than ever. If others are concerned that you are stalking them, leaving trails of nilla wafers dipped in tar around their apartment. Give. Listen. Are all those old voodoo allegations surfacing again? Well, be sensitive. If others are concerned that you are not only drinking straight from the milk carton, but storing your toe clippings and navel lint in it as well, maybe there are some things *you* could do to help ease the tension. Is it absolutely vital that the mice for your ball python be chilled briefly in with the cold cuts and cheese? No, no, no—of course I'm not blaming you. You do what you think is best. Just remember: the Man come, and take you away.

Libra (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)

Can I just say that it must really suck to be a Libra? Even on the outside chance that you get a cooler prediction than the other signs, you're still a damned *scale*. You've got a lame old balance for a sign, where everybody else has some kind of good ol' God-fearing American *animal*, something *sentient*. Fish, bulls, deadly insects with poison tails, and there you are with two stupid metal plates weighing crap all day long. You can't even *think*! You're a scale—you don't even know you exist. And when push comes to shove, who's gonna even bother to use you? We're all out here in space, being twins, pouring water, playing with crabs, etc., and you're sitting there wishing somebody cared even enough to through some crappy little penny candy or maybe some produce on you and

say, "Oops, too much...nope, a little more...what a nice scale...it sure is more fun using this scale than being a Virgo." Forget it!

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)

It may be difficult to frustrate you, but it's not so hard to just hit you. As Neptune, your guardian, drops from view, people who normally smile and say, "Hi, (name), good to see you. Boy, if you do get a minute I'd love to have my \$125 back before too long" will instead reach into their coat for a telescoping night stick and begin to scream, "Die lecherous pig! I know all about you and your connections with the grassy knoll!" I know you're thinking, "Not a problem, I'm a great runner." Did I mention that it's one of those new collapsible night sticks that also fires an electric charge?

Sagittarius (Nov. 23-Dec. 21)

This is a week of confusion for you as your formal self emerges and only speaks Arabic. Bad week for your French midterm, but a good week to get some letter-writing done to friends in Amman, and read the Koran. This former self of yours is a big fan of Sassanid political trivia, and not so crazy about the cold, so plan to stay inside and chat with friends with similar interests. If you find yourself unable to ferret out any friends with similar interests, call "Captain Jack's Conversational Partner Service," for fast, reliable conversation on any one of a variety of topics of interest to the man or woman of the 90's. See below for details.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 20)

This whole end of the Zodiac is a little shaken up this week, and you're no exception. You know the old saying, "You can't blame a man for the hat he has, but the hat he doesn't want will be his ruin"? You guessed it, the angels will be taking the biennial hat survey this week and you're not exactly in hot pursuit of a nice fedora now are you? Nope. See you in hell.

Aquarius (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)

The influence of the stars will stir up old feelings of regret and grief which must be resolved if you are to get that big promotion at NuSkin. A simple visualization exercise may be the ticket. Start by envisioning the black void of space. Allow yourself to float through it, effortlessly. Now, bend down to touch your toes, and find that they are gone. Gone! Your toes are gone! Some sly Gemini has sneakily pilfered your pedal digitalia! My, what a shocker! That should be just about distracting enough to help you release your regret and grief, but if they linger, visualize the thrill of being confronted and aggressively appreciated by some Cancer running around town grinning and smooching! How's that? Good? Right, then out of the blue, Aries' ex-boyfriend starts serenading you, and his sores are oozing, "Love is a two-way street, But also there are one-way streets, and I am the traveler..."

Pisces (Feb. 20-March 20)

A full moon in your Internal Conflicts sector can only spell one thing, "More Psychotherapy." Don't fight it. Don't pretend you haven't known for weeks that things were headed this direction. You get in the shower, you refuse to turn the water on for yourself. You make toast, you eat cereal. You raise your hand in class, then refuse to answer. You're fun to watch and all, but you need help.

Captain Jack: Because you only get one patriarchal blessing.

STUDENT REVIEW MIND GROPING QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Manti is...

- a) cool
- b) north of Ephraim
- c) where you grew up
- d) spelled with 5 letters

2. Jimmy Carter's famous brother's name was...

- a) Gabe
- b) Bosephus
- c) Billy
- d) Hank

3. Jimmy Carter's brother was famous for...

- a) being from Manti
- b) beer
- c) being a talented artist
- d) mud wrestling

4. The lyric "I eat them raw like sushi" is from what talented artist's debut album?

- a) Gram Parsons and the Flying Burrito Bros.
- b) Enrico Suave
- c) Twisted Sister
- d) Geraldo

5. Haiti is a country on the island of...

- a) Cuba
- b) Haiti
- c) Hispaniola
- d) Fantasy

6. My favorite beverage is...

- a) orange pop
- b) sody-pop
- c) Dr. Pepper pop
- d) barley pop

7. Dos Gusanos means...

- a) two pigeons
- b) two mobile-phone salesmen
- c) two worms
- d) two gusts of wind

8. The movie Firebirds...

- a) rocks
- b) stars Henry Fonda
- c) is a good substitution for Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid
- d) could easily turn your stomach

9. Politician Bo Gritz is...

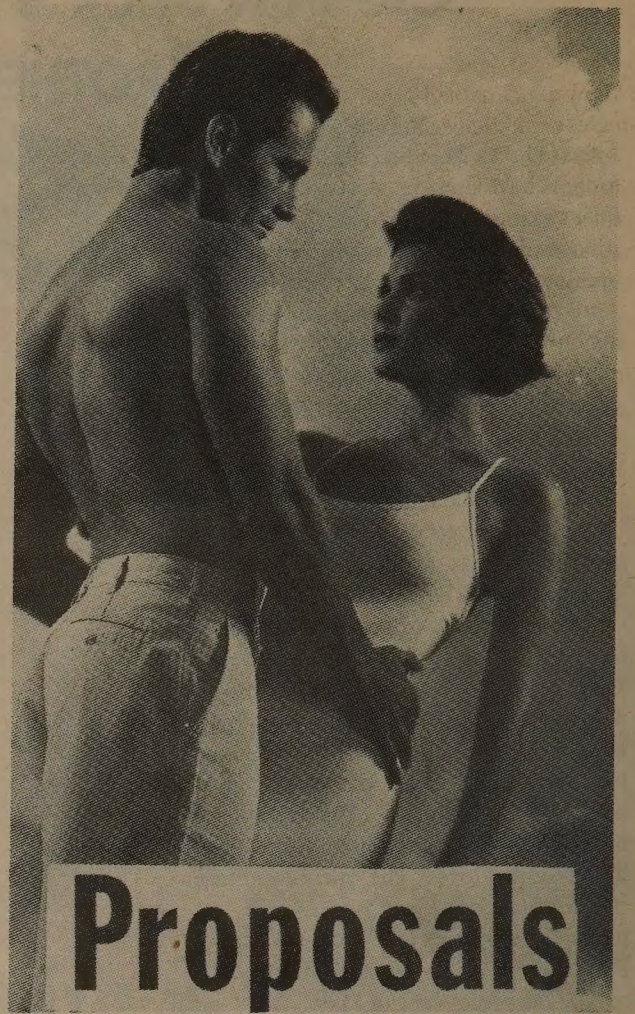
- a) a doofus
- b) a fairly reasonable presidential hopeful
- c) evidence of the ills caused by Viet Nam
- d) mentally stable

10. Mount St. Helens is a volcano in what northwestern state?

- a) Oregon
- b) Washington
- c) Maine
- d) Canada



"Hi! My name is Cindi. I'm waiting for my Prince Charming in the workplace. Someday I won't be typing, I'll be Toll-Painting!"
— E.H. 94



Proposals

TO HELL IN A HANDBASKET?

BY LYNETTE COX (WITH HELPFUL, WITTY COMMENTS FROM SUZANNE BENNER)

Having been a single student here at BYU off and on for 6 years, I am very familiar with the pressures placed upon students to get married. I've noticed that the older I get, the more pressure and strange questions I get about marriage. When you are 18, your family asks you, "How's the social life?" When you get to be as old as I am, they ask you, "so, have you gone on *any* dates this month?" You stop flirting seriously with boys in your classes. When one of them asks you out, you try to talk around the age issue—because as soon as they find out how old you are, they get embarrassed and bail. This got me thinking, "I wonder what it's like for all the single professors I know here. Do they get even more pressure? Is it harder for them than it is for students?" In order to answer these questions, a friend and I interviewed a good round number of single professors (ok, actually it was an *odd* number) here at BYU. We wanted to find out what it's like working here as a single person. Let me take you through the questions we asked and share some of the answers we received.

Question 1: "Have you ever been married?"

Most of the professors we talked to have never been married, one is divorced, and one is wary of "journalists" and gave us a "no comment." The divorced professor comments, "sometimes I feel guilty because I'm so content with being single, but I *was* married, and I have children—that makes a difference."

Question 2: "How long have you been teaching at BYU?"

We surveyed a wide variety of professors—the answers range from 1 month to 20 years. Our "one month" professor recently worked at another university and made the comment, "At other universities there is not a word about marriage—or any *other* values." The Mormon community can add stress to the whole marriage issue, but it can also offer a lot more freedom to talk about marriage and values in general.

Question 3: "Do you ever feel alienated from the married professors? If so, in what way?"

This was interesting to me because I *often* feel alienated from my married friends, but very few of those we talked to answered yes to this question. One professor comments, "Home life rarely comes into play." Another counters, "Married men are unsure about how to form friendships with single women. There is lots of homophobia—you have to explain all the time why you aren't married." She adds, "often marriage partners are jealous about friendships." Another professor gives my favorite answer to this question which is, "Yes, in sort of a happy way." He adds, "To coin a phrase—ignorance is bliss." Although he does not elaborate on this response, I think it is rather interesting. Some respondents feel that single faculty are often excluded. It is hard for them to attend faculty dinner parties. Others feel that faculty members go out of their way to include them, even inviting them to the "sweetheart" events. One respondent comments, "It is assumed that you have some psychological flaw and that no man wants to marry you." She stresses the fact that people are often single for a lot more reasons than people realize.

Question 4: "Do you ever feel that the Mormon community discriminates against you as a single working professional? Why/how?"

The simplest response to this is no, and the most amusing is "I've never thought of myself as a professional." Others feel that it is often hard because married women with families don't know how to relate to singles very well. Married women often seem to feel threatened by singles because they assume that single women are not homemakers, and that they look down on married women. Because of this, a single woman has to do all the work to make a place for herself and not let others exclude her.

Question 5: "Do you think the BYU community stresses marriage more than other university communities? If so, why do you think this occurs?"

All say yes, and that religion plays a big role in this. However, one states that many intelligent women at BYU often find good men after leaving the university—mainly because they outgrow the dating community here after their junior or senior year. Another comments that the LDS religion holds the family sacred, and that there is no reason *not* to stress marriage.

Question 6: "Are you personally concerned with your marriage status? Do you feel something in your life is missing because you're not married?"

The majority state that there is always happiness in life, even when single. There is no need to worry, as long as you are following God's commandments and living righteously. "Be happy in whatever situation you are in" seems to be the general consensus. One professor does state that he is concerned, "but I'm not as concerned as other people are." He continues [sarcastically, I think], "Yeah, I'm miserable (is that what you're asking?)—but marriage wouldn't solve it. It could be just a different kind of misery." He also says, "isn't the only reason to be at BYU to find a wife and have offspring?"

Question 7: "If you could describe single life as a teacher here in 2 words or less, what would they be?"

Some of the best responses follow:

"vital, challenging"

"freaky, man"

"no different"

"weird (single weird, not married weird)"

"nothing better"

"just life"

"kinda scary"

Question 8: "Are there any other views or opinions you would like to express at this time (or any advice for single students)?"

Here's our best advice:

"The self-pitying single is a phenomenon produced by a community that automatically feels sorry for a single...students should trust their Father in Heaven and be about becoming whole human beings."

"Look forward to marriage whenever it comes."

"Young women would feel less desperate about marriage if they [would] decide to finish [their] degrees and have satisfying employment whether married or not."

"Don't make 'singleness' an issue."

"Find joy wherever you are—you don't have to have the perfect family to have the perfect life, because frankly, they don't exist."

"Dating should be fun. There is a time to work and a time to play. If dating is work, find someone to play with."

"In our headlong hysteria about marriage, we *seriously* undervalue friendship...be satisfied with deep, personal friendships—and many of them."

"To quote Jacob Marley, 'These are the chains I forged in my life.'"

In conclusion, it seems that single professors here seem relatively happy with their lives. They do face a lot of similar problems that single students do, but they seem to be a little more settled about it than many students. Overall, they do feel marriage is important, but so is finding happiness no matter what situation you're in. I agree. Why sit around whining about not having a spouse when you could be trying your luck at a Wilkinson Center dance/meat market?

32, SINGLE AND STRANGE

BY CRAIG H. LAURENCE

I know a guy named John. He's 32 and single. He's also strange. I wonder if he is strange because he's single, or single because he's strange.

By single I mean not married to another person. I define single in this way because I think that everyone not married espouses *something* to fill the void of not having a partner. So in a sense John is married—to "Mac", his computer. It is because of John's relationship with Mac that I perceive him as strange. As soon as he gets home from work he turns his computer on and plays for hours. Anyone who plays computer games four hours a day is strange. Yes, John is strange.

His obsession with computer games is mysterious. He always buys those fantasy role-playing games. I've looked through his library. Most of the games have ridiculous art—the kind with women warriors who have large breasts barely covered by a supposed breastplate. I thought armor was supposed to conceal, not reveal. The stuff is strange.

He explained the object of adventure games. You create characters who go on a quest to save something: a fair princess, a village, a king, or whatever. Your characters encounter obstacles: dragons, ghosts, black

knight—anything you might associate with evil, or Hell. While he was explaining this to me I looked at the characters he'd created. There were four: John the knight, Armathia the druidess, Galasia the priestess, and Gwendolyn the warrior. I laughed at the absurdity; he was too wrapped up to notice.

I think these computer games make John forget he is celibate. As he's romping through the woods with Gwendolyn, overpowering sorcerers, John actually forgets that he is 32 and still a virgin. I believe this because whenever I talk to him when he's not playing computer games, he laments the fact that he has never had sex. His behavior when playing these games is peculiar: he's either silent, cussing under his breath, or exclaiming "Yes! Yes!" I wonder if he actually associates these lusty women warriors, who look like glitches of glob on the screen, with the fulfillment of his sexual fantasies. They are, after all, role-playing fantasy games. John is strange.



I wonder if John would quit playing computer games if he got married. My brother got married when he was 27. He played Tetris for a year before he got married. But then he quit. He says it's boring now.

I have a theory. I think an LDS church official at some time said something to the effect of single males older than 26 are menaces to society. I believe whoever said that—as long as you define menace as a person who challenges the norms of society. I can't think of any other reason why people tell me I will be a menace to society next year. My theory is that if you are a normal single male and turn 26, your normalcy is immediately in jeopardy. Every day you will become more strange until you get married. That's what happened to my brother. Why else would he have started playing computer games at 26? I wouldn't be surprised to learn that John started playing computer games when he was 26.

But I don't think John started to become strange at 26. I have a feeling John was strange before 26, but became stranger after 26. He's not strange because he's single, he's single because he's strange. Why else would five women turn down his proposals for marriage? Actually, one said yes at first and was engaged to John for nearly a year. She must have been strange, too. I think she probably realized that John would continue to play his computer games after they were married. So she broke off the engagement. John will finally get married when "she" answers his ad in the personals: "Wanted. Female role-playing computer game addict to fulfill fantasies." I suppose I could introduce him to Galaxia, who incidentally is 32 and single. She's also strange....

14 MYTHS ABOUT MARRIAGE

Marriage, in and of itself, is a beautiful institution. However, for those people not married there are a lot of rumours flying around about what marriage really is. Here is a list of marriage myths that we feel should be dispelled:

1. Life begins when you get married.
2. Life ends when you get married.
3. Women are old maids if not married by the age of 22
4. Men are going to hell if they are not married within a year of their mission.
5. Temple marriage immediately translates into trouble-free, unconditional bliss.
6. The man has to propose.
7. Three dates=engagement.
8. Only women should wear engagement rings.
9. The strength of the marriage is directly proportional to the size of the diamond.
10. A single woman may not have a conversation with a married man.
11. Women think of nothing but marriage
12. Men think of nothing but sex.
13. Your eternal mate is predestined for you—and waiting at BYU.
14. Once you are married, your sexual frustrations will come to an end.

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TORCH, AMBASSADOR PIZZA, SMITH'S,
ALBERTSON'S, FOOD 4 LESS, OAK HILLS
GAS; AND IT IS HAND DELIVERED TO THESE
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HENRY, LIBERTY SQUARE AND OTHER
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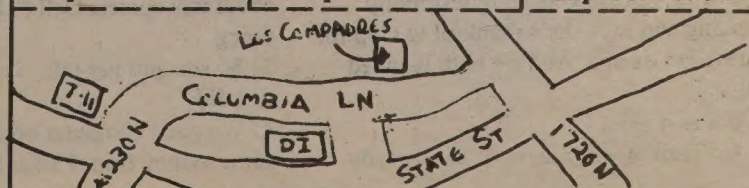


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GETTING TO KNOW TOM AND LOUISE PLUMMER

AN INTERVIEW BY SAM CANNON

Tom and Louise Plummer have been at BYU since 1985. Tom first chaired the Department of Humanities, Classics, and Comparative Literature and now teaches in the German Department. Louise teaches English. Every fall semester they team teach an Honors Intensive Writing course called *Memoir and the Imagination*. Tom got his B.A. in German at the University of Utah and his M.A. in German Literature at Harvard. Louise finished her B.A. in Child Development/English at the University of Minnesota and went on to get an M.A. in their Fiction Writing program. While at Minnesota, Tom organized a major exhibit/symposium for the university called *The German Artist as a Social Critic* and Louise wrote her first book, *The Romantic Obsessions and Humiliations of Annie Selhmeier* (Dell). They currently live in Provo and have four sons—the youngest is in ninth grade and the rest are married. They're lots of fun to talk to, which is really why I initially wanted to do this interview. I found that when it was over, not only had an hour and a half slipped away, but I had new hope in marriage, academia, and humanity.

The first date:

Louise: We lived in the same neighborhood, a half a block away from each other and my dad was the bishop. He called Tom on a mission and then called him to marry me.

Tom: That's my joke. She's kind of adopted it.

L: I just wanted to beat him to it. Tom and I were in the road show together. He didn't know I was interested.

T: I was kind of dense. What's the word you use, Louise?

L: Dense is good.

T: So to get my attention she sang in the chapel with Harley Busby on piano. I came in to see who was singing, because she really had a good voice.

L: He came right on cue. He answered the call.

T: A mating call really is what it was. So I said, I thought you were going to line me up with your friend Christine. And her mouth dropped to the floor.

L: It didn't really, I remember being very cool about it saying, 'I'm cool I'm cool.'

T: The body language was not cool.

L: That's when you invited me down to Johnson's Ice Cream which is now the Dodo Restaurant. Have you been there? Sam: No...

T: ...on 7th South and 9th East.

L: It's really a great restaurant. It's one of the best restaurants in the...

T: It's hard to get in there.

L: Well, we go there all the time and it used to be Johnson's Ice Cream.

T: We had hot fudge sundaes.

L: You asked me out for that weekend.

T: We lined up our first date.

L: We went to see some Ingmar Bergman movie at the Tower theater.

T: She had exema on her...

L: I'll tell you the story. I've already published this but I'll tell it to you. She's in love with this priest and she says, 'You hate me, it's my exema isn't it?' We laughed. We thought it was so funny, so stupid. So the next day Tom is at the organ and I'm sitting at the back of the church and some woman gets up in testimony meeting and says she's thankful to God for curing her exema. And we both laughed silently.

S: It was magic.

T: Oh yeah, it was magic. It had already

been magic.

L: We knew we were going to get married.

S: For real, after one date?

L: Oh yeah.

T: I only went on one other date after that.

L: We counted in bed one night how many people we had actually gone out with. We had heard over in Family Sciences they tell you that you should date 48 people before you get married. What a joke that is. Anyway, we were counting in bed one night and we were pulling them out of the bushes, blind dates, people three feet shorter than us.

T: We each got to twenty five.

L: But this was since fifth grade.

Getting married:

T: When I got home from my mission interestingly enough—and this goes back before the road show—Louise was at the airport...

L: Oh Tom, why are telling him this?

T: Because he wants a bio sketch.

L: This is not a bio sketch, he wants to know where you went to school.

S: No, no, this is good.

L: No, no, this is bad.

T: She was there, and in retrospect it was interesting that my future wife was there at the airport.

L: My father was bishop and he'd always go meet the missionaries at the airport. So I said, Are you going to see Tom Plummer at the airport? And he said, Yeah, I think I will. So I said, I'll meet you there and I'd be with my dad and that was my excuse. S: But honestly did you have other intentions?

L: Oh yeah, I had a crush on him. While he was on his mission I woke up one night and wondered, 'what is Tom Plummer doing right now?' and then I wondered, 'why am I wondering what Tom Plummer is doing right now?' He was funny, he was just so funny, he was one of the funniest people.

T: Believe it or not.

L: He was funny and he was smart.

T: A year after I got home we started going out and that was it, we got married. We went out for 11 months and then we got married.

The Minnesota years:

T: When I was teaching at Minnesota, there was one summer that I got so angry at my job, I started an asphalt coating company.

L: All the driveways in Minneapolis are asphalt.

T: I'd get in a suit and go drum up

business then go do the driveways. My pants could stand up on their own by the end of the summer.

L: I had decided I was going to be a writer. I was tired of being a housewife and feeling like what I did wasn't worth schnit. T: That's "schnit," with a "ch".

L: So I went back to school, finished my Bachelors and got my Masters. I had written half a book for my thesis and I read about this contest Dell Publishing was doing.

T: So she quit her job.

L: I did.

T: We got a computer because she had got some money from Parker Bros. for writing



some Care Bears books.

L: Even though I think Care Bears should be tortured.

T: She sat at that computer for six weeks, finishing her book and we got the manuscript in ten minutes before the deadline on December 31.

L: Then I said, I'm going to win.

T: She did, and the same day we found out that BYU wanted to take me on as a professor.

L: We call that day Big Monday. We had never been so excited in our lives. We got everything we wanted in one day. We were so excited we got headaches.

Louise plugs her new book:

L: I'm working on a new book, *A Sort of Christmas Romance*. I realized one Christmas that there were no young adult Christmas novels, that someone should write one and that I'm that someone. It takes place in Minnesota. The main character is a strong first person, six feet tall with thick glasses. She uses *The Romance Writer's Phrasebook*, which is a real book. I think it's really funny. It should come out next year.

On teaching at BYU:

L: People are usually very cautious at first about what they can or can't say in class. Class is where the important stuff goes on. You have to allow for honest expression. In our memoir class I've been amazed at how much trauma people have had their lives.

T: Doing stuff here is tricky business, whenever you do anything public you have to be careful. Something interesting happened in class the other day, we were talking about prejudice and someone said, bow chicks and scrunchy chicks. Everybody

laughed, they all knew what he was talking about. I went to the board and we went through all the differences between the two. One seems more submissive than the other and so on. Someone went on to talk about church callings—that there are good ones and bad ones. The authority thing, the prejudice thing, the social thing here at BYU, and in general, interests me. It's always interesting how the society creates in-groups and out-groups, winners and losers, etc..

On working/teaching together:

L: We're pretty fused anyway. We share material and ideas since we both teach writing and lit.

T: In memoir class, Louise is really the expert. I'm just a tag-along.

L: We each have our strengths and weaknesses we bring to class. I'm more organized when it come to getting papers back and Tom's good at structuring class time...

T: What did you say that one time?

L: You're a great husband but a lousy collaborator. But we have fun, we call each other up, we go to lunch together, we share ideas.

On being in love:

S: I saw Tom at Brackman's one day and I asked him, 'How is it that you guys seem to have such a great marriage?' And he said, 'I'm just crazy about Louise.'

L: And I'm crazy about him.

T: But it hasn't always been perfect. It evolved. We were always committed to each other and we always had fun together but the first fifteen years were hard. When you have kids and try to figure out how to raise the kids, it's hard. Louise is more artistic and I am more authoritarian in my approach. I think each has its benefits.

L: We turned a big corner when we learned to accept each other for what the other is and not try to change each other. You learn to appreciate each other's strengths even though the strengths can be annoying.

Things also started changing when I started doing stuff that really interested me. When I quit work and started writing.

T: I had to learn to do housework, to cook.

L: We should also say that we had therapy.

T: Should we say that?

L: I don't care.

T: So we both have jobs outside of the home. And in the home there's no real division of labor. We're really committed to the other person's success. A combination of being together and apart is important, too.

L: There's something wonderful about being apart, you know? You realize how much you love the other person.

On getting old:

L: I've been drawing these 50-something cartoons. In your fifties you start to realize that you're going to die, it's really depressing. I hate what starts happening to your body, you start looking like something else, a dog or a lizard. Women start looking like men—what could be worse than that? My son says I look like bologna.

T: We're taking up some projects that we've been neglecting for a long time. We bought a nice piano and I'm taking piano lessons again. Louise plays flute so we can duet. We play together at night sometimes.

L: It's fun to end up on the same note together.

T: I'm taking more photography classes.

L: I'm going to do a cookbook—a postmodern cookbook, since I can't really cook.

T: We don't want to wait until we die to learn some of these things.

L: We have to decide how we're going to spend the last third of our lives. Are we going to sit around in the house we've always been in or what? So we're going to retire in New York. We went last year, looked into real estate and decided, we can do this.

T: We won't remember what happened in 1994 unless we do something exciting. We bought a Miata. We get a lot of flack from our colleagues, but you know what? It costs a lot less than their Grand Cherokees.

L: And it's more fun. We jump in the car and drive up the canyon.

T: It's like dating all over again.

L: It's better than dating, because we can sleep together.

ATTICUS BOOKS TAKES LEAVE OF UTAH COUNTY

BY STACEY FORD

It's a sad day for book lovers in Utah County. Atticus Books, after five years of friendly service, wonderful conversation and great books is leaving town. By November, the small independent bookstore on State Street in Orem will be gone, leaving behind it many lovers of fine books who will miss the personal nature of the store, the pleasant, intelligent conversation about literature, and the friendly service. But most of all, Utah Valley will miss the wonderful selection of quality literature that the store offered to the community.

Almost everyone who loves to read and resides in Provo or Orem or the surrounding area has stumbled upon Atticus books at least once in their stay here. Owner Dani Eyer Davis says that her clientele over the years has consisted of people of all ages, from many different walks of life, and said that she has had "...several thousand loyal customers" over the years, as well as other people who had come in from out of town and heard about the store, or who simply came in once or twice. The store has carried literature of almost every genre, carrying an inventory of 10,000 books at its peak. Davis also carried a small stock of CD's, which she started carrying because people wanted to know what was being played in the store, and a stock of greeting cards unlike the standard cards found in most places in the community which Davis buys once a year at trade shows in San Francisco and New York.

The greeting cards are just one of the many unique touches Davis brought with her when she opened the store in September, 1989. Davis practiced law for five years before opening the bookstore, then gave up law because she didn't find it

"ultimately satisfying." A native of San Francisco, Davis says that she could not imagine living somewhere where there weren't good books, and that in opening the bookstore she has fulfilled the goal of providing a wonderful, independent bookstore for both herself and the community. She speaks highly of the BYU bookstore, and says that another goal she had in opening Atticus Books was to provide a bookstore of quality for those people not associated with BYU. Davis, whose mother taught English in San Francisco, has loved books since she was a small child. She says that this job has been a wonderful experience for her. "I wanted to spend my days with books and people who like books." She says that she had hoped, when the bookstore opened, that it would bring her closer to the "interesting people" in the community, and her hopes were realized. "Personally, I learned more from these books and people who have come here than I ever learned in law school." She has mixed feelings about leaving, and says that her experience with Atticus Books has been a good one. "Every day was wonderful—not one day felt like work." She said that she will miss everything that had to do with the bookstore, and calls it "...easily one of the most worth-

while things I have done."

Davis did not initially even entertain the idea of selling the bookstore, but when an offer for the store came along at the same time as an opportunity to leave Utah Valley, she ran with it. She says that it was a combination of the opportunity for financial benefit on her part, the arrival in town of the "heartless chain stores," and the construction on State Street that "...added up to some sort of destiny to leave. None of the changes were instigated by me—everything just sort of fell into place

and I was unable to ignore it. It made sense." Davis will be living in Salt Lake, and has been offered a place at The King's English, a bookstore on 1500 South and 1500 East near Smokey's Records. Davis will not be sorry to leave the community. "I have never been particularly fond of the dominant culture in Utah County." She says the closing of the bookstore is sad, not only on a personal level, but as a representation of the "demise of American literature." She is adamant about the virtues of independent bookstores, and says that they

"feel good" because motivation to promote good, quality literature is always the impetus, not money. At Atticus, Davis has hand-picked every book the bookstore carried, and stocked it so that there were "only good books" in the store. She finds it gratifying that so many people came to rely on her opinion and came back to get her recommendations on books. "Atticus was very much an extension of me. I'll probably never again have such a pleasant manifestation of myself. I will probably never again have a setting to where people gravitate to where I am."

Many people did gravitate to where Davis was, and those people will miss Atticus Books very much. Julie Nichols, a member of the English department faculty at BYU, was one of the half-dozen teachers who volunteered to have their students get their books at Atticus. She says that she will miss not only the books in the store, but the personal aspect of the store. Nichols says that Davis was very aware of the books in her store, and very aware of her customers and the community. While she will miss Atticus Bookstore and everything it stands for, Nichols says that she respects Davis's reasons for leaving. "She will be missed. She did a great service, I think, and we will really miss the place. I think what she created was a great place to go. It was wonderful, and it will be missed."



POETRY BY GINA CLARK

Grandma's Story

Seventy summers since the one that she remembers best. In her chair she speaks it weeping, an eighty-six year orphan.

Sixteen, four years fatherless, cardboard cut for show soles, no butter churned or caked, wrapped in washed rhubarb leaves and sold.

Sixteen, and all goodness gone: the melons in the side yard, beans and corn in rows, cosmos broad and cobwebbed by the road.

Her mother, widowed once, waited on first and second deaths. What else could be done: you sell the land, your children work all week in town.

Her mother waited on those deaths, then took her own. They laid her in the kitchen, ice-cold in working clothes. Sixteen, she took the back way to her bedroom.

An undertaker came, did it all in the center of the house, emptied her mother into kettles and blackened pans.

Sixteen, she carried them to the canal. Seventy summers cover nothing. She's still there at the bank, heaped in her apron above the bleeding stream.

To M. as She Marries

I hear it happens this way—like you've said. Something like circumstance, like losing your proud patience—all of it runs into one.

Then all at once you turn to the sense of him at your shoulder. And it's easy to want him.

So this is giving in—this move I see your body make, its brave bend, its round mouthful speaking yes and yes again, the word left purpled on your lip.

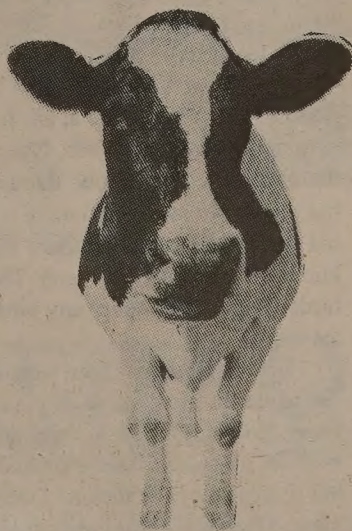
We used to make believe this much, June afternoons in Mom's basement where the cardboard boxes wouldn't watch.

Our made-up men, they moved on cue, dark and giant and mute. We never knelt, but stood and spoke vows like song, waiting on the arm of that tall silence beside us, lifting our faces to this clean made love, this make believe.

Now you'll know what happens next—that sweet double wrought spine to spine and sightless. You'll be in the real light, giving up limb and rib for his handful, making your love in plain flesh, and all along, believing.

After Conversation

Little wonder at us—how you lay there, listening, speaking some of this—your lips curled, your mouth plum and pearl, stopped at the slip know, the hooked word, the unravel. And how kept quiet, how set through like thread in the eye—and above yours, the round, wound lump of what's left.





SHORT FICTION BY KEN SPARLING

Section Editor's note: Ken Sparling has been published in The Quarterly and has a book entitled Dad Said He Saw You at the Mall coming out with Knopf. I realize that since this is a university publication it may seem somewhat odd to run something by a national artist. I have included this piece a) because I'm pretty happy to have something like this on my hands (thanks again Brian) and b) because a good community of discourse (remember my letter last week?) should represent voices from all levels.

DEAD

"Three out of twenty people in this room will be dead in the next five years," she said. "In five years, some of you will be dead." She paused to gaze around the classroom, looking each of us directly in the eye. "Five years later, more of you will be dead." Another pause. "Eventually, all of you will be dead."

This was grade three. I was getting pretty nervous. I looked around to see how other people were taking this. Barton Smiley looked like he was about to die right now, at his desk. He looked pale, like he was going to faint. The kids at the back were tipping their chairs back, sniggering together and whispering things.

"Maybe you think that I will be the first to go," said the teacher. "But that isn't necessarily the case." She looked straight at the kids at the back. "Some of you will die horrible deaths," she said. "Not all of you are going to die of natural causes. Some of you will be stricken down by disease. Some of you will die in traffic accidents. Some of you will break out in pustules that will cause you terrible pain and eventually, kill you."

I looked over at Barton Smiley. He was slumped down in his chair, his head tipped back, his mouth wide open. His eyes were closed. I looked around the room. The kids at the back were still sniggering. The teacher hadn't seemed to notice Barton. I raised my hand.

"Yes, Lawrence," the teacher said.

"I think Barton is dead," I said.

My teacher looked at Barton. She put her hand to her mouth. "Oh my," she said. The kids at the back tipped their chairs upright and leaned forward in their desks.

"Barton," the teacher called weakly. She came out from behind her desk.

"You killed Barton," Wiley Pocock said. Everyone turned to look at Wiley.

"My God," the teacher said.

She walked quickly over to Barton's

desk, her hand still over her mouth.

"Barton," she said.

She touched him on the shoulder.

Barton opened one eye.

He opened the other eye.

He moved his eyes from one side to the other.

He lifted his head.

"Barton," the teacher said. "My God, Barton."

Barton smiled.

The teacher walked back up the aisle, past the desks, back up to the front of the class. She went around behind her desk and stood, for a long moment, with her back to the classroom, touching her hair with her hands and smoothing her skirt.

THE SUN WAS SHINING

The sun was shining. No, wait a minute, the sun wasn't shining. It was sort of shining. It was hazy. There were clouds. The sun was peeking out. No. That's not right. The sun was an orange ball. Hold it, hold the orange ball. It was night.

The moon cast a pale shadow—no, that's been done. The moon was a hole—no, that's wrong, the moon wasn't a hole, the moon was bleak, there was something bleak about the moon, about everything. The earth was a prisoner. No, wait! I know. The earth wasn't a prisoner. She was a hostage. No, she was free, the earth was as free as—wait.

There was snow. The snow was like...what? Not marshmallows, definitely not marshmallows. More like a whole lot of toilet paper. That's it, toilet paper. Exactly. The snow was exactly like a whole lot of toilet paper.

It was New Year's Eve. No it wasn't. It wasn't New Year's Eve at all. It was summer. There were birds. No, wait, forget the birds. No, no, I know, there were birds, but they were asleep. So there were birds, but there were no bird noises. Wait! I know! All the birds are dead. There are no birds. There were never any birds. Forget the birds.

This isn't a story about relationships. There are no men and women in this story. Okay, hold it. Of course there are men and women, all stories have men and woman, but in this story the men and women never meet. They live on opposite sides of town. All the women live on the north side...No, wait! All the men live on the north side, yeah, that's it—all the men live on the north side of town, and all the women live on the south side.

CONTINUED...

WASTED CHARACTERS

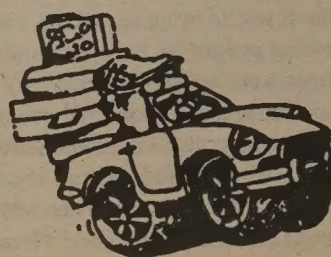
my best to remember the names of my grandparents and handed the note back to the curious looking stranger.

It turned out that there was no way I could have been related to this guy in Idaho (yes, I've forgotten his name, so I've avoided using it), but the woman was convinced that we were separated at birth even though he was ten years older than me. Then she told me about my Mystery Twin's occupation. He writes and directs anti-Mormon films. This has troubled me ever since that day. It's just a matter of time before other people start getting us mixed up, and I start getting in trouble. Perhaps he's the reason why my checking balance is never quite right. Or maybe he's the one who keeps having the BYU computer drop all my classes. Nobody would stop him, he looks just like me.

Before any more damage is done (to the church or me) this guy needs to be "taken care of," but there are some problems. Most of the problems center around the fact that I'm not a large person, I don't know any "tough guy" tricks, and I don't know my way around Boise. That's where my righteous twin comes in. Hopefully he'll know about some of that stuff, and we can make a trip up to Idaho by the end of the month.

With any luck, we can sell the rights to the story to one of the TV networks. What network could resist the true-life drama of two separated twins who hit the road to deal with their other evil twin (triplet?). I'm sure there's some serious dough in it for Matt and me, so I think I'll abruptly end this column and go buy a map of Idaho.

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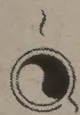
neat! I can't wait

come
and
see

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WASTED KISSES BOOTH
AND OTHER
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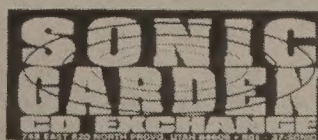
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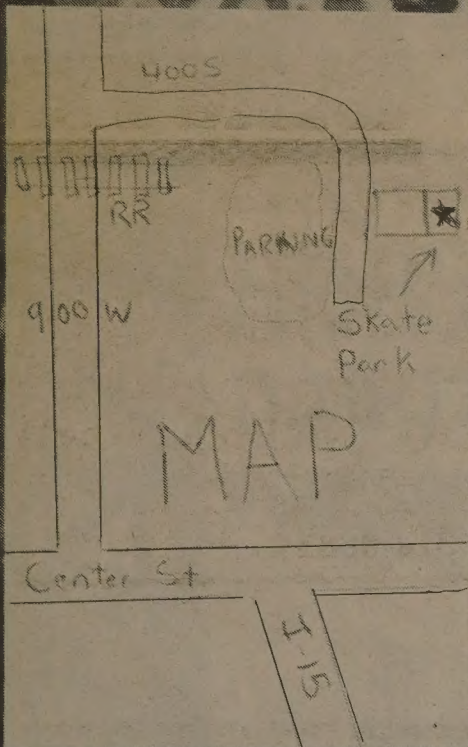
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If you would like to list some event or otherwise important goings on please contact Julee at 377-6676, or the Student Review Office at 377-2980. Please let me know the weekend before the event.

THE ARTS & WHATNOT:

Queen of Spades, 10/28-11/5, presented by Ballet West, call 355-ARTS for info. & tickets.

Aladdin & the Wonderful Lamp, thru 10/29 at Pages Lane Theatre, 292 E Pages Lane, Centerville, call 298-1302 for more info.

A Tale of Two Cities, 10/26-11/2 at Pioneer Memorial Theatre, call 581-6961 for tickets and showtimes.

West Side Story, thru 11/10 at Pages Lane Theatre, 292 E Pages Lane, Centerville, call 298-1302 for more info.

Phantom of the Opera, thru 11/12 at Desert Star Playhouse, 4861 S State, Murray, call 266-7600 for tickets and showtimes.

Steel Magnolias, thru 11/19 at Hale Center Theater, 2801 S Main, call 484-9257 for info.

The Curious Savage, thru 11/19 at the Hale Center Theater, 225 W 400 N, Orem, call 226-8600 for tickets and showtimes.

Hansel and Gretel, thru 11/19 at City Rep., 638 S State St, call 532-6000 for more info.

International Cinema, showing 10/18-22, Orlando and Into the West, SWKT on the BYU Campus.

Tower Theatre, showing Bhaji at the Beach and Outrageous Animation, in SLC at 876 E 900 S, call 297-4041 for showtimes.

CONCERTS & LIVESHOWS: Playing at Mama's Cafe, shows starting around 9 pm:

Nash & Diana on 10/20.

Peter Breinholt & Big Parade on 10/21 (\$2 cover)

Brenda Andrus on 10/22.

Bryan Rhodes on 10/24.

White-Water Crowfoot on 10/25.

Brian Watts on 10/26.

(or call the Mama's hotline at 371-8452)

Matt Harding, playing 10/21-22 at 9:30 pm, Pier 54, 117 N Univ Ave.

Suzanne Westenhoefer, 10/21 at the Behavioral Science Aud. on UofU Campus, tickets at Smith's Tix outlets.

George Strait, w/ Michelle Wright, 10/21 at 8 pm, Delta Center, tickets available at Smith's Tix outlets or 800-888-TIXS.

Rolling Stones, w/ special guest Seal, 10/23 at Rice Stadium, sorry folks, tickets are gone.

Iceburn, Engine Kid, Ampersand & State of the Nation, 10/25 at 7:30 pm, only \$6 at the Edge in Provo, tickets available at Sonic Garden or Crandall Audio.

The Bosstones, 10/26 at the Lumberyard Skatepark.

Happy Valley Halloween Bash, Stretch Armstrong CD Release w/ Model Citizen and Numbs, 10/31 at 8 pm, costume party at the Edge, tickets are \$5 and available at Sonic Garden or Crandall Audio.

Live w/ Weezer and Fatima Mansions, 11/5 at the Fairgrounds Coliseum.

Reba McEntire, w/ John Michael Montgomery, 11/12 at 8 pm in the Delta Center, tickets available at Smith's Tix.

The Eagles, concert has been postponed.

ONGOING:

Institute of Terror Haunted House, open in SLC, downtown Provo and Newgate Mall thru 10/31.

Haunted Hollywood, at Utah State Fairpark, open T-Th from 6:30-10 pm, Fri-Sat from 7-midnight, 466-1809 thru 10/31.

Rocky Point Haunted House, at 3390 S State in SLC and 2276 Washington Blvd in Ogden, benefits the American Diabetes Assoc, call 363-3024 for info.

Haunted Woods, at Wheeler Historic Farms, 6351 S 900 E, or call 264-2241 for info.

Nightmare at the Grand III, thru 10/31 at 1575 S State, open M-Th from 7-10 pm, F-S from 7-11 pm, discount tickets at Burger King.

The Cartoon Factory, Utah's only animation art gallery, currently showing Disney art limited edition cels, at 1400 S Foothill Dr in Foothill Village, 583-3700.

Matuschka, art exhibit thru 11/10 at Salt Lake Art Center, 20 S West Temple.

Heber Valley Railroad, season ends 10/30, call 581-9980 or 654-5601 for times.

KHQ Radio & Krishna Temple, hold a 10-course vegetarian feast every Sunday at 6 pm, program includes mantra meditation, films and a talk on Bhagavad gita, temple is located at 8628 S Main St in Spanish Fork, or call 798-3559 for directions or info.

Gallery 303, presents a 3-dimensional art exhibit thru 10/27, open M-T from 10-5, W-Th from 10-8 in the HFAC.

BYU Museum of Art, presents 150 yrs. of American Painting and CCA Christensen's Mormon

Panorama.

Hansen Planetarium, at 15 S State in SLC, shows include Laser-Fusion, Laser-U2 and Laser-Grunge.

AIDS Testing, low cost, anonymous or confidential at Salt Lake City/County Health Dept, 610 S 200 E, daytime clinic at 534-4666, evening clinic (Thur only) at 534-4572.

Earth Science Museum, showcases a Jurassic fossil collection, open 9-5 weekdays, for more info, call 378-3680.

Mormon Tabernacle Choir Rehearsals, Thursdays from 8-9:30 pm, Tabernacle on Temple Square.

Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word", Sundays, be in seats by 9:15 am, Tabernacle on Temple Square.

BYU Planetarium, call 378-4361 for scheduling, 378-5396 for a recording of shows.

EVENTS:

Talking about Prozac, 10/19 at 7 pm, Sprague Branch Library at 2131 S 1100 E in SLC, 524-8280.

Pat Shea v. Orrin Hatch debate, 10/20 at 11 am, in the Marriott Center, or catch it on 10/24 at 9 pm on Channel 11.

Which Witch is the Head Witch, 10/21, dinner murder mystery at Camelot Restaurant in Layton, call 773-1336 for info.

No Holding Back, 10/21-22 at 7:30 pm, performed by Ririe-Woodbury Dance Co., Capitol Theatre at 50 W 200 S, call 355-ARTS.

Utah Symphony, 10/21-22, classical series "An Evening at the Opera" in Abravanel Hall, call 533-NOTE for info.

Octuba Fest, 10/20-22, all events

in the Madsen Recital Hall, admission is free!

Gem & Jewelry Show, 10/21-23 at Utah State Fairpark Horticulture bldg, call 931-1410 for more info.

The Garrens, w/ Vocal Point, 10/22 at 7:30 and 9:15 pm, in 151 TNRB (pay attention, it's on Saturday)

Nuts & Bolts Night, 10/22 at the Edge, guys will be given a bolt, girls a nut, match 'em & get a free drink, open 'til 2 am.

Octoberfest at SaltAir, 10/22 and 29, classic car show, microbrewery beer garden, Bavarian food and live music, call 355-5522 or 250-4400 for info.

Pedersen's Ride Into Fall Tour, 10/22 from 8-noon, approx. 30 mile round trip beginning at SaltAir entrance, after the ride enjoy great food and bands in main pavillion, register at Pedersen's or call Chris at 355-5522.

Primrose Memorial Viola Concert, featuring Pamela Goldsmith, 10/26 at 7:30 pm, Madsen Recital Hall, free admission.

Warren Miller's "Vertical Reality", showing at Tower Theatre in SLC on 11/11-13; at UVSC Student Ballroom on 11/12 at 7 & 9:30 pm; at Sundance Resort Screening Room on 11/10 at 7 & 9:30 pm.

EDITOR'S PICK: Know what's going on. Catch the Shea/Hatch debate live or on tv, and look for other debates that are coming up. We all enjoy the right to vote, so become more politically aware by knowing the issues and those who represent us.



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